

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

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—AT—

52 PER ANNUM, CASH.

understood if we credit that \$2.50 will be expected and demanded.

W. P. WALTON.

GEORGE O. BARNES

GOD IS LOVE AND NOTHING ELSE

—AT—

PRaise THE LORD.

NEW ORLEANS—82 Bourbon st. Feb. 10.
DEAR INTERIOR—I committed in my last what our cousins of Ephraim esteem an "unpardonable sin"—viz: tell the public what you see in a gentleman's house, where you are a guest. It will always be an open question whether it is allowable, or a gross trespass against good breeding. I think myself, and act on the thought, that there is a golden mean between the unreserved frankness with which the modern newspaper of Manassah drags everything pertaining to a man's domestic life before the public; and which would never be done unless it were the kind of reading we all have a weakness for. Between this abundance of candor, I say, and the reserve of our British cousins, which resents the slightest mention to the outside world of what occurs over the high front wall, where the public is invited to gratify its curiosity only over the rough way of broken glass and all things that pierce and cut.

The Briton is essentially an islander; and he has looked at the outside world so long over the natural barriers that surround his sea-girt position, that it has marked his domestic life most unmistakably. He delights to surround himself with a high brick wall, without crevices or aperture, crowned with the broken glass bottles, aforesaid; or failing that, a high board fence, with spikes, impassable, and cracks carefully covered with slats, so that not the most prying street Arab can get a peep at the mysterious premises within. To cross these barriers, in any way, without the owner's express permission, is to "trespass," and that is, to be prosecuted to the full extent of the law, whether the common law, that consigns to prison, or the law of breeding, that sends to "covevery," or the "libabo" where society consigns those who are to do penance till forgiven.

Well, I hope to keep, in my mention of "matters and things," within the limits of what my own inner sense of propriety demands, and take the consequences, whatever they may be. And I hope all who ask me to visit them will accept me on these terms of possible publicity, so long as I am tempted by the open columns of the INTERIOR JOURNAL.

Where shall I begin with this most unique of cities, where everything is different from what one sees anywhere else in this great country?

First and foremost, it is not one city, but two; as clearly defined as the broad street that marks the boundary of each. You step across this barrier to all amalgamation, and feel the change of atmosphere, in another Canal street is the dividing line. To the east of that you have an American city; to the west a foreign one, as strange as Paris or Naples, and not unlike either. The city is laid out on a singularly simple, right angled plan, so that one can easily conquer its geography; and the magnificent roadway above mentioned can always be found; and thence to any other point desired. But the streets all change names as soon as they cross Canal, to mark the transition of nationality; as if both sides were irrepressibly jealous of being mistaken for the other. St. Charles on the American side changes to Royal on the French; Carondelet to Bourbon; Brionne to Dauphine and so on to the end of the chapter. This is puzzling to a stranger, who sees no reason for a perfectly straight street changing names, unless he is aware of the part Canal street plays in the make up of New Orleans.

Each side has its fashionable boulevard. I dare not tell the public which I think the most charming—the French esplanade or St. Charles avenue, where Americans delight to dwell and lavish money on handsome villas. So I will declare, most impartially, that both are lovely. The design of both is that of their more ambitious sister, Canal—two splendid roadways, and between, a double row of overhanging shade trees, furnishing a vista of miles, in either, given in summer, when full foliage is on, gives a tunnel of green most beautiful to behold. It is charming, as it is; with only bare, interlacing limbs. Under this welcome shade the street-cars run. The roadways are Macadamized with sea-shells. This material is found in unlimited quantities on the gulf beach; being a small mussel shell, averaging an inch in diameter, and quite thick. When broken up fine and well trodden, it beats our best turn-pike hollow for unapproachable smoothness. "2-40 on a shell road" was a legend of my boyhood, that took its shape from fast trotting on the road between New Orleans and Lake Pontchartrain. It was the lowest figure of those days, before the training of modern times relegated it to the

shades as a rapid gait. The old road still exists; and the "Half-way House," where the "sports" used to get their toddies en route; but the old times are gone, in their gayest features. The shell road is not now smooth as a floor; and the famous hostelry has dwindled to a comparatively unremunerative establishment.

A dummy engine, starting in mid-city on Canal street, now takes passengers to the lake (8 miles) for 15 cents for return tickets. A great deal of driving is still done over the road, but it is of the quiet kind, for the most part; and ladies' phaetons have largely replaced the tearing turnouts of the young bloods who used to race over that superb thoroughfare.

The Half-way House, I may here mention, was once the entrance to the famous Metairie race-course, which is now, by the irony of fate, transformed into a cemetery, where, if one has money enough, he can "dig his grave with the rich." A gentleman of the name of Howard, for special reasons, made up his mind to effect this change, and, having immense means, accomplished it. It is now the rich man's burying ground and no grave yard in the country bears so uniformly the stamp of opulence upon its tombstones.

From the nature of this oozy swamp on which New Orleans is built, it is impracticable to dig graves. Two feet of spading anywhere brings you to the water. This necessitates burial above ground. Accordingly the coffins are shoved into square pigeon-holed cavities, most carefully built with a view to air-tightness, and when the body is laid away, the square stone at the mouth is hermetically sealed. The prevailing style of monument, therefore, is a plain, house-shaped stone structure, with one gable end to the roadway. Generally, where means are at hand, it is massively built of polished granite, with or without top ornament. Immense sums are lavished on these family vaults in the various cemeteries; notably in that above described as built on the Metairie race-course. These are really "cities of the dead" in a sense perfectly unique and appropriate. In Parisian Pere La Chaise, alone of all the cemeteries I have seen, there is something of this house shaped arrangement, but they are of miniature size and built above buried corpses, laid away in the ground. Here, the bodies are residents of the houses themselves, and these tenements of death are literally peopled with their numerous inmates. It has a ghastliness all its own, and no money can ever quite hide the horrible face of the case. Death being what it is—even an "enemy" of most hideous men—I can only say that a New Orleans burial-ground, does much to mitigate the natural horrors of doleful tomb, with elegant mausoleums, embowered in magnolia groves I never saw, in any place, so many sectarian burying places as here, nearly every sect and order has its own separate place of sepulture. This strikes one painfully, because we all have the thought—spoken or unspoken—that death is a terrible leveler ever since (aye, and long before) Horace wrote:

"Pallida mors æquo pulsat
Pede pauperum tabernas,
Regemque turres."

Quoting from rusty memory, I don't know whether every letter is rightly placed, but the meaning is the common knowledge of the world. "Pale death, with impartial footstep, visits alike the beggar's hut and the palace of the king." And surely this "common lot" ought to bring us all together; in death, if not in life. Any barriers that nullify this "lesson of death," had better not be erected, I think. I remember being profoundly impressed with the request of the first vicar of the Church of England, who fell heir to the living of Carshalton parish church, Surrey, when it was taken away from the Romanists, in Reformation times. He begged to be laid in the same grave with his predecessor, though he esteemed his faith as an idolatrous one. So it was done; and the inscription above them both, in front of the altar rail, still testifies to the vicar's liberal wish.

I have gravitated insensibly to the subject, which after all has more importance attached to it than any other, but which is not the pleasantest to write about. Let us leave it.

Cousin Heber's wish, long since expressed, was to chaperone the party in New Orleans. So he chaperoned our passages by rail to the city, and, while he remained with us, generously footed all bills; and wound up his duties as our host with an intelligent ramble over New Orleans that we can never forget. The young folks were simply in raptures all day. Of course we saw nothing Monday night. Arrival at 11 at our lodgings, left nothing but bed, as soon as we could turn in. I had time to notice the colored "madams," as all call her, who welcomed us to her place, 82 Bourbon street; French quarter. Her head gear, in the old bandana style, including projecting corners each side, had a comfortable, old-time look about it, that won us, even before her motherly ways had attracted confidence.

Heber took us to a real New Orleans restaurant breakfast, at a place nearly opposite a locality I at once recognized as my old stopping place nearly 40 years ago. Our regiment (1st Kentucky cavalry, Col. Humphrey Marshall) was mustered out of service on the 8th of June, 1848, in New Orleans. And the old Verandah Hotel—a stone's throw from the famous St. Charles, where our officers put up—was largely patronized by the non-commissioned and private. A rough, unkempt, unshorn, not to say lousy lot, we were, who revelled in our new-found release from the thralldom of camp life, with immeasurable delight. What a "high old time" we had, to be sure! The Verandah still stands, almost unchanged, except that it is defunct as a hotel, and now is occupied by the large clothing house of McCown. I was overjoyed to see the old place looking so natural, after the lapse of 40 years.

By the way, if your publication of somebody or other's version of the Mexican pension bill be correct, I am choused out of my rights, for I was not 21 when I entered the service, nor am I 62 now by a couple of years. Rather hard on George, too, for she has long been promised my Mexican pension for "pin money," and we are almost ready to join in the cry of "turn the rascals out," who defrauded us. But as we are not dependent on an ungrateful republic, we care very little about it. Mean, though, isn't it?

With my delightful recognition of old localities, recalling my old friend Green Clay Smith specially to remembrance, as the other one of the *par nobilitate fratrum*; and Heber's breakfast, wherein there was the most stunning combination of all the niceties he could think of to gratify our appetites, I will close my first from New Orleans and hope for a little time to write another more leisurely. This goes, not simply with a *corrode salamo*, but "a mile a minute" one, for lack of leisure.

Meeting arranged to begin Sunday afternoon next, at 3 o'clock. It is doubtful what the issue will be. The devil, as I know, has raised a hornet's nest among the preachers. They think they are doing God's service in turning the cold shoulder. The devil and the clergy is a terrific combination, as I already know to my cost. It may drive me out of New Orleans. We shall see. Ever in Jesus,

Geo. O. Barnes.

GARRARD COUNTY DEPARTMENT.

Lancaster.

—The total amount of taxable property in the county as shown by the assessor's books amounts to \$4,038,707.

—Mr. Charles Sparks, of Nicholasville, is visiting Mr. Stephen Mearns. Captain T. A. Elkin went to Lexington the first of the week.

—Abbey's Uncle Tom's Cabin Company, with a full line of Tompkins, bloodhounds, etc., is billed for a performance at the Opera House Saturday night.

—A buggy robe was taken from Mr. Fleece Robinson's buggy at the Christian church last Sunday night and a large, pork-marked tramp was seen wearing it next day. Mr. Robinson, in company with Marshal Hamilton, made a search for the tramp Monday, without finding him, however. Mr. Tom Robinson, our sheriff, met the fellow wearing the robe as he was returning home Monday and concluded to capture him. He alighted from his buggy and was preparing to lay violent hands on the "knight of the road," when the fellow produced a villainous looking pistol and ordered Mr. Robinson back to his seat in the buggy. Mr. R. was unarmed and did the eminently proper thing.

—The political pot, which in this county has for several months been in a state of innocuous desuetude, is beginning at last to bubble and in no uncertain tones. Two good democrats, R. H. Tomlinson and W. A. Anderson, are announced for the legislature. Mr. Tomlinson has done lots of good and effective service for the party and he will have a large following. Mr. Anderson's friends think he should be endorsed seeing that he made such a faithful representative two years ago. Be the winner whom he may, Hon. Wm. Berkeley, a staunch republican, is already grooming himself for a race with him. Berkeley has running qualities not to be sneered at, but it is dollars to dimes the democratic candidate will get there. Garrard will of course instruct for her neighboring county's candidate for Governor, farmer John D. Harris, although there is a smart sprinkling of Buckner men in these parts. Johnson Rogers, of Woodford, appears to have called the turn in the rare for auditor. The impression he made while here last week was a splendid one "The Interior Journal's" candidate for Governor, Colonel W. O. Bradley, is taking things easily and why shouldn't he as he seen county after county speaking for and none against him?

BRODHEAD, ROCKCASTLE COUNTY.

—Died, of pneumonia, little Johnny Lick, step-son of Mr. Will Roberts. Also Hettie, infant daughter of Mr. James Simpson.

—A select crowd of young ladies and gentlemen, having somewhat curious temperaments, made a foot excursion to the Burning Well this week. They came back looking happy; guess they saw it.

—Rev. Levi Johnson, who has been conducting a series of meetings here, closed on Monday night with several additions to the church.

—Friday night the Misses Carson gave a social party at their hill side cottage, which was largely attended; and judging by everybody's merry looks, the occasion was immensely enjoyed.

—The Hamiltonian Society will give a literary entertainment at the Academy on to night; after which the Christian Aid Society will auction off a handsome quilt, the proceeds of which will go to the church.

—Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening at the Baptist church, and don't forget that the Good Templars have a sitting once a week—on Saturday night. The Templars are an earnest corps and to them more than to any others may be ascribed the gentle era which our village is now enjoying.

—The Brodhead Academy entered upon its second five months' course with good attendance, which is constantly increasing. This school has been in existence but two years, yet is reckoned one of the best in this section of country. The name of its principal, Miss Alma Carson, is sufficient evidence of its prosperity. Mr. Robert L. Davis, of Lincoln, has been employed as general assistant and Latin instructor, while Mrs. Bell Burnside, of Lancaster, has charge of the musical department.

—George and Harvey Melvin, of Lily, were here with friends this week. Miss Lizzie Hutchinson, of Stanford, has been spending a few days in our midst. Mr. C. A. Bridges, of Lebanon, the Louisville & Nashville bridge carpenter, was here Sunday; not working on bridges either. Miss Jeanie Cass, of Louisville, is visiting her brother, Mr. J. A. Cass. Miss Mary Sawyer, of Level Green, is an interesting pupil of Brodhead Academy. Mrs. Belle Burnside spent last week at her old home in Lancaster. L. A. Cass came down from Sinks Saturday. W. A. Carson has gone to Henry county to engage in the book business.

MT. VERNON, ROCKCASTLE COUNTY.

—Frank Bryant's case of mumps remains about the same.

—Dr. Davis sold his property at Level Green to Adam Catron.

—Mrs. Jonas Pitman is better. Mrs. G. W. Baker is improving.

—Mrs. Roberts, who returned from the asylum last week, is reported to be getting worse.

—C. W. Ping was tried before Judge Smith Tuesday, charged with selling whisky, and acquitted.

—Considerable damage to fences etc., from high water is reported from various parts of the county.

—Brinkley & Catron, who sent 115 mules South a short time since, are reported to have disposed of them at good prices.

—George Fredricks has re-opened the old Jepia coal bank near town and has struck a vein of very high grade coal, said to be the best in the county.

—Look! All accounts on my book due Jan 1st, '87, will be placed in the hands of an officer March 1st if not paid or other wise arranged for. L. B. Adams.

—H. H. Beattie, storekeeper and gauger, has been assigned to the distillery of E. M. Denny instead of J. T. Higgins, who goes to Riddle's distillery in Pulaski county.

—Seven witnesses summoned appear to before Judge Colyer in the Wilde regular case, gave no testimony, as far as we can learn, to implicate any one in the whipping that took place there a short time since.

—The cases of Joplin and Fraser before Judge Colyer, charged with liquor selling on the testimony of one Longham, who appeared against C. W. Ping on a similar charge, and defendant was discharged, was continued by the Judge until the 20th inst.

—"The Madison Boys Coming." Small posters with these words printed on them were received and distributed here a few days since, mailed from Richmond. The question is, who are the Madison boys? A minstrel troupe or a wing of the Salvation Army?

—The pay for school district No. 8 has been found. It was credited to district No. 55, the new district formed from No. 8. The teacher will get his pay as soon as the other. Dr. Davis, supt., says he looks for the teachers' money about the 1st of March.

—To MY CUSTOMERS AND FRIENDS—I return my hearty thanks for their liberal patronage and would say I will give them as good, if not better bargains, in the future than I have in the past. Come and see me. To the few who have not settled for 1886, come and let us talk the matter over. I will go to the city March 1st for a large, new stock and to get bargains there for you and myself requires the cash. Don't be backward and go somewhere else because you owe me, but come in and we will meet you in the right spirit and do all we can by you and ask you to do the same by us. F. L. Thompson.

—Some of our citizens, especially the merchants, remember William Hathaway and wife, the champion dead beats, who "did" this place about three years ago. We notice the Louisville papers say the police there are warned to be on the look-out for them, coming from the East, where they have been working their game very successfully. They carry a number of bird cages and some trained birds; they stop at a hotel or boarding-house and represent themselves as being bird-fanciers and when their baggage arrives, will give exhibitions. They finally leave the place, after getting all the credit they can about town, leaving a few worthless birds for payment of their board bills, etc.



Every sack guaranteed to give satisfaction.

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By a young lady, who holds a first grade certificate and is competent to teach music, either as governess or teacher. Address T. M. W. care INTERIOR JOURNAL, Stanford, Ky. 107-1mo.

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WALLACE & COCHRAN,

GENTS' FURNISHERS,

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LOUISVILLE, - - - KY.

156-2m.

TAXES FOR 1886!

So many having responded to my warning (issued some time ago, and so many others appear to be making such an effort to discharge their taxes, I have concluded to extend the time for advertising Lands until the 8th day of February—this, however, is positively the last extension that I can possibly make. J. N. MENEFEE, Sheriff Lincoln County.

MILLINERY.

I am daily opening an elegant line of Fall Millinery, including all

The Latest Novelties of the Season.

Also Notions, such as Handkerchiefs, Collars and Cuffs, Ruchings, Corns, Bustles, etc. You will find me at the rooms lately vacated by Smiley & Warren, next door to the Myers House. KATE DUDDEAR.

103-2m

MACK BRUCE'S

Buggy & Implement House.

—I have now—

A Full Line of Wheat Drills and other Agricultural Implements.

—Besides a—

Full Line of Buggies and Wagons

Always on hand. In connection with my Implement business, I will also carry a

Complete Stock of Lumber,

Both rough and dressed. Prices on everything as

Low as any one.

I solicit a share of your patronage. Respectfully,

112-1vr

I. M. BRUCE.

FIVE COMMANDS!

Thou shalt go to BOURNE'S for all thy Christmas goods.

Reason: Bourne has just received direct from New York City the newest and cheapest lot ever brought to this neck of the woods.

Thou shalt buy the medicines from Bourne. Reason: Bourne's goods are pure. Thy life is too valuable to be sacrificed because of cheap remedies.

Thou shalt marry soon, very soon. Reason: The goose bone marrow this hard winter, and Bourne's toilet articles will make thee beautiful above thy fellows. (If thou dost not do it to marry, thou dost desire to be envied because of thy beauty.)

Thou shalt go hunting and fishing. Bourne has the materials.

Thou shalt have a baby, a fiddle, an accordion, violin strings, lamps, trunks, pictures, mirrors, warranted jewelry.

Bourne has them and the finest lot of candles ever brought to Stanford.

Thou shalt keep in mind that Bourne is the cleverest man (except Dr. Cox) and the best man to deal with.

"Roses red, violets blue, Bourne's is the place for you." —Shakespeare. In fact, the half of his glories and fine goods have not been told thee.

FOR SALE!

Valuable Real Estate and Store Rooms.

As Executor of Lewis Y. Phillips, dec'd, I offer for sale, on easy terms, the following real estate in and near the growing town of Lancaster, Garrard county, Kentucky:

One Brick Store-room, on Public Square of said town, now used as a dry-goods room.

One frame Store-room on the Public Square, now used as a family grocery room.

Two Store-rooms on Richmond Street, near Public Square, one now used as a Millinery Store, the other as an Undertaking establishment. With this block will be sold a lot of ground adjoining.

One farm with house and other necessary improvements, on the Lexington Turnpike, 3 miles from Lancaster, of 15 acres.

One Farm of 140 acres, 8 1/2 miles from Lancaster, near the Lexington Pike, unimproved, with house and necessary outbuildings.

One farm, unimproved, 3 miles from Lancaster, Ky., on the Lexington Turnpike of 75 acres.

And also a tract of 35 acres on Gilbert's Creek, about 4 miles from Lancaster.

As executor, I desire to sell all this property, I am empowered by the will to make deeds in it. A fine chance is now offered to those trading homes or investments.

For full particulars address my Attorney, H. T. Noel, Lancaster, Ky., or the undersigned at Stanford, Ky. J. N. PHILLIPS, Executor.

230-3m.

Alcott & Lisk, Station, N. Y.

Sold by DeLong, Price \$1.00.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

—OF THE—

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All persons having debts against the Lincoln Land Company are requested to present them to J. W. Alcorn at his office in Stanford, Ky. O. L. RICHARD, President.

137-4s.

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For Sale at a Bargain.

I offer for sale privately in Stanford, Ky., a very desirable residence with seven rooms and porch. Well of water at the door; stable, smoke house, &c. About an acre of ground, in the lot. For terms, &c., apply to

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Agent for J. B. Alford.

108-

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This old and well-known Hotel is still maintaining its fine reputation. Charges reasonable. Special attention to the traveling public.

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Upright Grand,

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The Celebrated Olough and Warren and the John Church & Co. Organs.

Please communicate with us for catalogues, term and prices.

S. R. & L. J. COOK, Special Ag'ts, Stanford, Ky. Or ROSE B. RICHARD, post-office.

References:—A. B. Penny, Mrs. E. M. Carpenter, J. M. Phillips, J. M. Moore and James Beazley, Stanford; Mrs. Maggie Holmes, Cab Orchard; Gen. W. J. Landrum and Miss Lizzie Huffman, Lancaster, Ky. 133-1vr

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